¶ Newes from Northumberland

This geare goythe well and better it shall,
For triall will tell, the Treson of Ball.

You whisperinge fellowes, that walke euery wheare
now clau your old elbowes, & skratch vp your heaer
I will tell ye for troth, what newes I heare,
the Bull of the Northe is a frayd of the Bear
This geare goethe well and Better it shall,
For triall will tell, the Treson of Ball.

The Moone and the Ster, are fallen so at stryfe,
I never knewe warre, so strange in my lyfe,
And all is longe of a Babylon Beaste,
that hath a thowsand heddes, at the leaste.
This geare goythe well. &c.

What made the Murrians hed so stoute,
to seeke the sheaffe of Arroes oute,
A Morryon of that hed, the Northe maie saie
that hed from the boddye must needes a waie.
This geare goythe well. &c.

The Lambe that knewe this newes before,
did bid the Lyon begin to rore,
The Lion that coulde not then refraine,
did byd the Beare go shake his chayne.
This geare goythe well. &c.

Whose shakinge suche a shryll did yelde,
that euery Beast did flye the feelde,
Which serued and shadowid vnder the Moone,
and thowght full littell to shrinke so soone.
This geare goythe well. &c.

And to Sainte Androwe, be they gone,
with very harde shyfte to make theare moane,
And som of theare Ladies lefte behinde,
with very small wages vnder the wynde.
This geare goythe well. &c.

But I maruell yet, of Ser John Shorne,
whether he and the blessed Masse be borne,
It weare a mery thinge to be knowen,
wheare he doth make his Alter stone.
This geare goythe well. &c.

The Croppyerde For, that this begon,
and made this brablinge to be don,
Is curst of many a mothers sonne,
and I praye ye what hath his corraige wonne,
This geare goythe well. &c.

Yet when this newes shall come to Roome,
I knowe they will not sticke to presume,
To wright to many Cristian Kings,
they haue as they woulde almaner of things,
This geare goythe well. &c.

Why walke ye not by three and three,
in Polles as ye weare wonte to bee,
And saye as you were wont to do,
I hold you a crowne it is not trewe.
This geare goythe well. &c.

Of manie great helpes you bragge and bost,
besydes sir John that carieth the hoofte,
Lyke vnbeleuers as you bee,
you bragge of nothinge that you see.
This geare goythe well. &c.

You bragge not of the almighties name,
you bragge not of your Princes fame,
You bragge of neuer a faithfull knight,
that for his contrey goeth to fight.
This heare goythe well. &c.

You bragge to see your countrey spoylde,
you bragge to see poore men begilde,
You bragge to see your brothers blood,
I pray tell me if these be good.
This geare goythe well. &c.

And as ye are of peruerst minde,
you swere and stare and wilbe blinde,
Wher in ye shew that faithlesse ye,
Haue no good power to here and see.
This geare goythe well. &c.

Where be the Northen idiotes fled,
that were by your deuises led.
They had bin better they had kept their bed,
you can not repeale that you haue spred.
This geare goythe well. &c.

I thinke by this you do beleue,
the Deuill him selfe laughes in his sleeue
That yet so many of Balahams markes,
are still his trewe and faithfull clarkes.
This geare goythe well. &c.

And to be short I see and knowe,
howe manie a one them selues bestowe,
I accuse no one I tell ye trewe,
but ye wilbe knowne I must tell you.
This geare goythe well. &c.

And thinke in tyme that error is,
the cause of all that is a misse,
God of his mercie mend thease dayes,
and her preserue that seekes the waies.
This geare goythe well. &c.

Finis. Md. W. Elderton.

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